



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

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AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

WINTER MEETING

to be held at

R A N D W I C K
JUNE 17th and 24th, 1944



Principal Events:

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, 17th JUNE, 1944

THE JUNE STAKES, £1000 added

Six Furlongs

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, 24th JUNE, 1944

THE WINTER STAKES, £1250 added

One Mile and Five Furlongs



Admission tickets for the Saddling Paddock only may be purchased on the day of the Races at the Hotel Australia or A. A. Marks, Tobacconist, Circular Quay.

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GEO. T. ROWE, Secretary.



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WHILE the British people, including those of the British Dominions, were playing their games and attending their race meetings, in accordance with the ancient custom of Britons, the German people were being drilled in barrack squares in preparation for the day when Hitler should launch his war of destruction.

Often it had been claimed in the early rounds that Hitler had caught the democracies napping. When his hour struck, he was better equipped in armament, and by regimentation endowed with superior striking force. The democracies were outmatched in everything but the things of the spirit; they were consequently out-punched, sometimes outwitted, until the moral qualities of the people—the "will to win," developed on the sporting fields—began to assert themselves, until their war effort gathered weight and momentum.

Thus, we see that sport is a tremendous influence in the life of any nation or Empire; and, when the crisis of war comes, we can, as Drake said when warned of the approach of the Armada, still finish the game and beat the enemy.

Let us carry on with our games, consistently with the requirements of war effort, and let us of Tattersall's Club continue our contributions towards the speedy defeat of a nation which, at the final test, is proving no match for a race of sportsmen.

The Club Man's Diary

JUNE BIRTHDAYS: 1st, I. Green; 2nd, G. B. Murtough; 5th, F. A. Comins; 7th, P/O Hans Robertson; 9th, S. Baker; 11th, C. E. Young, A. Bailey; 14th, S. E. Thomas; 15th, John L. Ruthven, E. H. Knight; 16th, Frank Shepherd; 17th, Dr. J. C. Bell Allen, P. P. Hassett; 18th, R. A. Cullen Ward; 19th, N. Shureck; 20th, F. G. Underwood, Claude Cornwell; 29th, A. J. Genge, C. A. Shepherd.

* * *

Roy and Les Williams, sons of Alec Williams, and brothers of Ken Williams, are enjoying well-earned leave after 2½ years' service in the Middle East and New Guinea. After Tobruk they fought at El Alamein and were also in the big stuff in New Guinea. These young warriors have been visitors to the club where, of course, all were happy and proud to meet them.

* * *

Squadron Leader Bob Withycombe, on leave from New Guinea, gave the impression to friends in the club of being leaner, but fitter. As a matter of fact he had shed two stone. In other days he was secretary of the Golf Council of N.S.W.

* * *

Jim Donald printed in the "Daily Mirror" a letter addressed him by Mr. J. Chidgey, in which the latter referred to the late Jim Barden as "The greatest jockey Australia has produced." The correspondent wrote further about Barden:

"He always had to waste three or four pounds to ride at nine stone, and take a look at the opposition horsemen of his period. He had to ride against such great horsemen as John Gough, Steve and Dinny Callinan, the three Godbys, the Kuhns, W. H. Smith, Myles Connell, "Dingo" Richardson, Bobby Lewis, W. H. McLachlan, Tom Clayton and "Snaggles" Hood. What a team!

"I'll say Barden stole more big races through brilliant opportunism than any other jockey before or since. Remember the two Epsoms he pinched on Melodrama, off Blue Book and Mooltan, respectively? Then

there was the Craven Plate he stole on Ibex, which should have been won by that marvellous mare Wakeful. Remember how he broke the three-year-olds up when he took Dividend out and beat the great Poseidon? Then there was Trafalgar, a four-year-old on which he made the pace all the way and beat such a great stayer as Prince Foote. Ask Dick Wootton, Bill Kelso or Dick O'Connor, they'll give Barden the palm. He was the daddy of them all."

Jim Donald commented: "Personally, although I would hesitate to name a greater horseman than Jim Barden, I would bracket him with Jim Hayes, Bob Lewis, Bill McLachlan, Jim Munro and Jim Pike as one of the truly great horsemen of the late nineties and the present century."

* * *

We regret to record the following deaths:—

Alexander Arthur, elected to membership 12/11/1917, died 16/5/44; C. D. Johnson, elected 7/5/34, died 15/5/44; W. C. Goodwin, elected 29/3/36, died 14/5/44; J. A. Kenyon, elected 17/10/1921, died 17/5/44; George Hyam, elected 29/2/32, died 21/5/44; Harry Cohen, elected 14/4/13, died 7/5/44; Dr. Nigel Smith, elected 11/6/28, died 27/5/44.

* * *

Harry Cohen was known as a hard-headed business man and a soft-hearted philanthropist. In the turf world Gigandra, "The Big Horse," brought to this modest sportsman a fame that was embarrassing when, long years after, he was still being introduced as "the owner of that great horse, Gigandra."

Even on the occasion of Harry Cohen's last Randwick appearance, I overheard two men conversing.

There goes Harry Cohen.

Who's he?

You remember Gigandra, The Big Horse, don't you?

Yes.

Well, there goes the man who owned him.

* * *

George Hyam's reawakening would find him holding a finger to the

chattering angels and commanding: "Ssh, I want to hear the music of the spheres!" He was a man of versatile gifts—musician, composer, writer, poet. One of his former club friends has written this tribute:

George went from Sydney Grammar School to Sydney University. After two or three years as a medical student, he transferred to law, but before the final examination had changed again; this time to commercial pursuits. This was not weakness in his character, but strength. He was determined to live for the joy of living rather than live for the sake of gain. What he did he liked doing. He entered into every undertaking with zest. He composed several songs, of which "Britons First of All" was best known. He contributed prose and verse to "The Bulletin" and "The Lone Hand," and his "White Lotus" gained "The Lone Hand's" prize in its opening issue. George was keenly interested in animal and plant life and was a frequent visitor to the Museum and the Botanic Gardens.

* * *

Dr. Nigel Smith bulked large in sporting affairs, and not only because of his physical stature. The present generation knew him chiefly as a patron of the turf and a golfer—he was one of the team that represented Australia against New Zealand—but it is sporting history that he came out of Fort Street School in the same year as Harold Hardwick and Len Murray.

You will remember that Harold Hardwick won the heavyweight boxing championship and the 100 metres swimming title at the 1911 Olympic Games; also he was one of the Australasian team—Billy Longworth, Malcolm Champion (N.Z.), Les Boardman and the late Cecil Healy (killed in action in the previous war) were the others—who won the relay race, each swimming 200 metres, at the Olympic Games held at Stockholm in 1912.

Len Murray was the schoolboy swimming champion of his season and, later, joined his uncle, Sir Herbert Murray, the Administrator of

the Mandated Territory. To this post Len succeeded on the death of Sir Hubert.

Dr. Nigel Smith was a swimmer of class, and one of the best in surf competitions. He won the plunge championship of Australia on the last occasion of its being held. He played football against the Te Aute College team which visited Sydney in 1904, and, later, was a member of Sydney University reserves. At the 'Varsity he was known affectionately as "Pot."

A story is told of his meeting R. J. A. Massie, later one of Australia's best bowlers, in the final of the 'Varsity heavyweight championship. They were both big fellows. "Pot" Smith threw a tremendous hay-maker at his opponent as a first punch but, in doing so, threw his shoulder out of joint.

* * *

W. C. (Bill) Goodwin was a prominent man of business and a well-known man about town. His active sporting interests were confined to golf. For many years he was the captain of the N.S.W. Club. Everybody liked him, and his cheerful presence will be missed in many quarters.

* * *

"Truth" answered an inquirer: Only three world heavyweight champions to win title under Marquis of Queensbury rules used assumed names. The champions were: John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Jeffries, Tommy Burns (real name Noah Brusso), Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, Gene (James Joseph) Tunney, Jack Sharkey (John Coccokey), Max Schmeling, Sharkey again, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, James J. Braddock, Joe Louis (Joseph Louis Barrow).

* * *

Jim Donald wrote in the "Daily Mirror" of the original "Floradora" juvenile sextette. Of these, believe it or not, was our own Alf Collins, B.C. (Before Corpulence).

The year was about 1903, when the present committeeman would have been 10 years of age. Among his fellow members of the sextette were Eddie and Decima McLean,

destined to become world famous as the Australian Darts.

In these days of the barbarous bobbing of women's hair, I have a fond memory of Decima's titian tresses that uncoiled as she was swung by her brother in a whirlwind finale. The memory of that era is naturally rosy, for the world was young and so were we.

* * *

As I am writing these lines in my home, floating from the radio in the lounge are the strains of "Softly Awakes My Heart," from "Samson and Delilah." That it is beyond the compass of the amateur voice doesn't matter. It sufficeth to recall the

NOTICE TO MEMBERS

The Committee wishes to advise members that no applications for membership will be received until further notice.

Grand Opera season of 1912, and De Cisneros—"that beautiful creature," the sedate Marr Thompson, "Sydney Morning Herald's" critic, proclaimed her—is singing.

Here you have an audience spell-bound by beauty of presence and of voice. She is of the Junoesque proportions of Lily Brayton; a big woman, less poetically described, but in the perfect mould. Her presence is regal. Her eyes shine. "Softly Awakes My Heart," she is singing. She herself, the setting, the orchestra—

Oh, heavens, pardon me! I shall break off here. A throaty tenor has followed on the radio. I must shut him out by sheer force of mental concentration, and get on with these notes.

* * *

Incidentally, Alf Collins told me of a toast proposed in his home by one of two American nurses who had been the guest of his wife:

Here's to life, ain't it gran?

I've just been divorced from my old man.

*I had to laugh at the court's decision—
He got the kids that were not even his'n!*

A correspondent wrote in "Smith's Weekly." A young girl shop assistant in a country shoe store was recently transferred to the firm's Melbourne department. Part of her duties consisted of filling in application forms for rubber boots. A local cattle-breeder applied for a pair, and upon completion of the form stated the rubber boots were required for "stud purposes." Personally, I think it a waste of good rubber. Would not an application for bedroom slippers have more adequately filled the bill?

* * *

"The Bulletin" recorded the death in Brisbane of Martin Denny, a very clever featherweight who fought three draws with the great Griffo in England, won a National Sporting Club championship. Denny also fought notably in America, where he lived for over 30 years, returning to Australia in 1926. In Sydney he was a protege of A. G. ("Smiler") Hales, then on the "Referee," who called him the "Pelican Pet."

Another old-timer and opponent of Griffo in the person of "Chidgey" Ryan, died recently.

* * *

Carried throughout the South Africa War, a Union Jack, commemorating Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee in 1898, will be presented to the Australian War Museum (the "Sunday Sun" wrote). The flag was presented to veteran soldier and surf life-saving pioneer, Thomas Gunning of Mosman, in London in 1898, when, with Percy Cavill, Jack Hellings and Victor Lindberg, he made up the first swimming team to leave Australia. Packed into his kit-bag when he enlisted for South Africa, the flag is marked with the name of every city and town through which it passed during the campaign.

Gunning was the first lifesaver to receive the Royal Humane and Shipwreck Relief Society's silver medal for a surf rescue. Offered a reward by the woman he saved on a dark night at Manly in 1909, he refused to accept anything valuable. A week later he received a penny, the tail side of which had been smoothed and the woman's thanks inscribed.

(Continued on Page 10.)

Colonel Eddie Eagan's Show

By the Club Man

Lt.-Colonel Eagan—our old friend Eddie Eagan, who came among us 19 years previously with the Marquis of Clydesdale (since the Duke of Hamilton)—guessed right when one day in the club he guessed it would be a good idea to show club members a number of sports talkies with which he had entertained U.S. servicemen in many lands.

On the occasion of this show the chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) introduced Colonel Eagan to an audience which crowded the club room, and recalled that our guest, as Eddie Eagan, had twice won the amateur heavyweight title at the Olympic games. The chairman said that the committee of the club and all members appreciated Colonel Eagan's graceful action in making available such a splendid series of sports pictures.

Colonel Eagan told, by way of prelude, of the day when he as the local hope was matched against "a boxer named Jack Dempsey"—yet to attain world fame—in aid of a charitable institution in Eddie's home town.

"Behind the scenes," Col. Eagan said, "somebody had told Dempsey not to hit me hard. Dempsey had taken that to mean that someone had also told me not to hit him hard. But no one had told me!

"As Dempsey came in—of course, expecting light stuff—I nailed him with a wallop right. He sagged, and, rushing into a clinch, slipped one over me that made the whole outfit go round and round: I must have collapsed had he not held me up. When Jack saw that my senses had returned he whispered: 'I understood before getting into the ring that we were only to spar.' Then, fixing me with a steely gaze, he asked: 'What's it to be?' He took my silence to mean consent—and a spar it was from that on.

"The papers wrote of 'a sensational first round' in which anyone might have won, but after which it was anybody's fight."

Colonel Eagan told of meeting in France in 1918 an American marine who was always chucking a chest and had an overpowering confidence in his own ability. As was inevitable the pair put on the gloves. After the contest, Colonel Eagan said to the marine: "How about coming to Yale University when we get home? It will mean a lot of study, but then, of course, we might make a name for ourselves at football." The marine answered: "No. I intend to become the champion heavyweight boxer of the world."

Seven years later the marine attained his ambition. He was none other than Gene Tunney.

Among the pictures shown was that of "the contest of the 'long knock out'"—as it has gone down to ring history—between Dempsey and Tunney. At that time Dempsey was on the decline and Tunney on the up; but Tunney was knocked down for twice ten seconds, or more, while the referee delayed the count and twice turned about to direct Dempsey to the neutral corner. All the time Tunney was recovering, and he got up, finally, to win on points.

Jimmy Clabby, who had fought all the middleweight first-raters of his season, told me that Darcy would have beaten them (including Clabby himself), not two in the one ring, but two in the one night; that is to say Clabby considered Darcy capable of winning by the K.O. against them all.

This was a big claim, seeing that the contenders included Mike Gibbons (acknowledged champion), Eddie McGoorty, Jeff Smith, George Chip and, of course, Clabby. But, as Jimmy argued, "I have met them all, and should know." On that line of talk, one of the greatest fights of the new century would have been Darcy and Dempsey at their best.

The Eagan show included shots of the training and working of gun

dogs and of football matches (American free-for-all code). As a football writer of the Union and the League games in other seasons, I was impressed by the speedy, resolute running and the desperate tackling of the Americans; also by their long throwing of the ball and their ability to take a pass with the certainty of a Test slip-fielder. Those features apart, the game was chaos. There is more off-side than in the Australian game—and in some of the Union and League games played according to on-side rules.

Among the visitors to the club on the occasion of Col. Eagan's show was Colonel Charles Moses, general manager of the Australian broadcasting Commission. As he was champion of the British Army, it had been suggested that he should meet the American and Olympic champion, Eddie Eagan, during the latter's visit with the Marquis of Clydesdale—all in the good cause of a charitable appeal of the time.

Both amateurs were willing, but, somehow, the proposal fell through. Eddie Eagan met and K.O.'d Branscombe, the amateur heavyweight champion.

Before the show in the club room Colonel Eagan and Col. Moses renewed their friendship of 19 years previously. As I looked upon them, and allowed for the hard experiences each had suffered in this war, I saw proof of the value of physical fitness as a personal creed.

The Marquis of Clydesdale, as he was then, was destined to figure involuntarily in a fiercer spotlight and to play a greater part of his own volition than when he shaped up to Bob Finlay—"old Bob Finlay" he was called even so long ago, for he had been dug out of retirement for the occasion.

This is the story simply told: the Marquis was a charming young man, anything but a social lion, and, it should be said, anything but a skilful boxer. At best he was game and

enthusiastic—qualities that distinguished him later in his flight over Mt. Everest and, at this time, in the Royal Air Force.

The Nazi blackguard, Hess, landed on the Duke's property and caused the nobleman temporary embarrassment, but anybody, even so grand a patriot as the Duke, was considered fair game by a foul fiend such as Hess's record proved this Hun to be.

Bob Finlay—who won with a hatful of points, chiefly by straight-lefting the ardent, but awkward, young nobleman—was called upon by the Chairman, in response to requests from the gathering to "stand up and show yourself."

Bob told me that many present on this occasion, including Colonel Eagan, had asked him: "Why didn't you bring along the belt?" meaning the British Empire welterweight championship which he had won in that Sydney contest with the Marquis.

Bob said that Colonel Eagan had

carried a greeting to him from the Marquis (now the Duke of Hamilton) and he (Bob) intended to reply by letter. "I think I'll simply address it 'The Duke of Hamilton, Somewhere overseas,'" Bob said.

In the days when, as Bob Fitzsimmons used to say, "fighters wuz fighters," Les Harrison saw them all in action and mixed with the majority on sporting occasions. Recalling the amateurs, he named Duncan Parbury as the most accomplished of any weight in the history of the championships. Les rated Jack King, the bantam, next best. Nowadays, the son of Les, just turned 21, is putting up a decent scrap in New Guinea.

Les Harrison had met Col. Eagan when the latter was in Sydney previously. He was among the many who on this occasion extended our visitor hospitality in the club and of which Col. Eagan said humorously that he found it hard to refuse but harder still to take. Colonel Eagan, of course, was referring to the number who insisted on toasting his health.

WAR PIGEONS

This is an all-in war in which the animal and feathered creatures are playing their parts. A "Sydney Morning Herald" war correspondent wrote about the role of pigeons:

Pigeons are temperamental, and are a charge for experts, but once upon a time the wrong expert turned up, according to a soldier who vouched for the truth of the tale.

It appears that Army education was to help men going to New Guinea to talk with the natives in the language of the islands, and one A.I.F. sergeant back from the north so impressed the authorities that they arranged for his immediate transfer. It was agreed that Education would let him know when his papers came through. But the papers went to the sergeant first, and, looking for their new instructor some time later, Education found him missing.

At last he was run to earth. He had been transferred to the Carrier Pigeon Section. He could not think why, he said—unless it was to teach Pidgin English!

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BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Always Use the One Cue — Some Interesting Inman-Reece Memories

During May the writer was asked the time-old question as to whether owning one's own cue really made all the difference it is supposed to do. The reply, naturally, was in the affirmative, and perhaps I could not do better than quote world champion Walter Lindrum on the point.

Lindrum maintains that to a capable player the difference between one's own cue and a good strange one, is equal to about 25

action, and when Reece came to Australia Inman followed to make certain he would not get too much limelight.

When apart each had a good word for the other, but once they met on billiards bent it was "every man for himself" and there was no let-up from the first stroke till "time" was called. Naturally the stories about them are legion. Here are a couple which may interest.

The occasion was when Inman de-

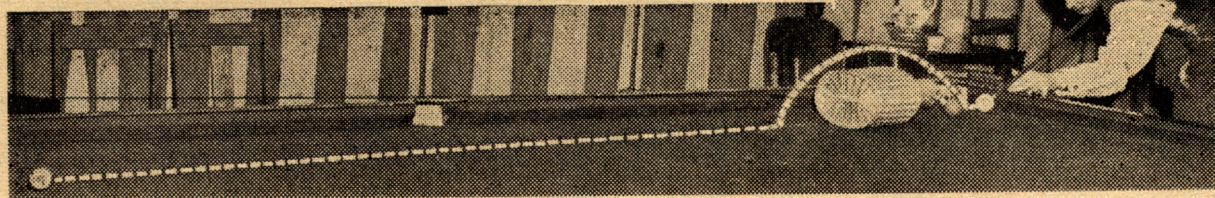
stand it no longer. Then, grasping Reece by the arm and facing up to him as in a life and death affair, said:

"Pardon my intrusion, Reece. But, if it is a fair question I would like to know if by any chance you expect those balls to start off again by themselves?"

Reece took one long breath, merely muttered, "Pig," and joined the spectators.

There was another occasion when

Horace Lindrum plays a classic shot: Pot the red into the basket, jump over the top and make the cannon on the third object ball at the other end of the table.



points in 100, and if the strange cue is a bad one the gap might be widened as much as 50 points.

With a bad, or even strange cue, a player loses confidence in such strokes as "screws" and any stroke requiring maximum side.

Lost confidence almost always means defeat. All players really desirous of improving their game should select a cue and be able to identify and use it in every game.

Granted that cues are almost unprocurable at the moment there are still plenty available from the racks, and players should avoid, at all costs, using a 14½ ounce "stick" to-day and a 16½ ounce one to-morrow.

Euclid taught us that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line and changing of cues for every game is the straightest possible line to an inglorious showing at billiards or snooker.

"NEEDLE" GAMES.

Oldtimers will recall the "needle" games played by Tom Reece and Melbourne Inman. They carried on their own private war all over the world. In England the public never tired of watching them in

feated Reece for the English Championship Cup. After the clash the trophy was presented to Inman by the late Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, a keen follower of the game, on the evening of the day he had sentenced Crippen to death. After the winner had spoken his piece Reece was asked if he would like to say a few words. He did:

"I think the Lord Chief made a first class error of judgment. He ought to have given the Cup to Crippen and sentenced Inman to death!"

Now let us come a bit nearer home and tell of a game the pair played at the Y.M.C.A. Hall in Pitt Street, Sydney.

Reece had made a break of 157 but fell down eventually on the easiest of cannons with the balls only inches apart. He was flabbergasted and instead of immediately resuming his seat, stayed put for a few moments and studied the balls with a "how-on-earth-did-it happen" air. Meanwhile Inman had ranged up alongside and stood motionless until his volatile temperament could

Reece got some of his own back. This contest was on a time basis, and the game had to end on a Saturday night at 10.45. With only 20 minutes to go Inman broke down with a slender lead of 127 points. His opponent got going nicely and took the lead with several minutes still left for play. He was taking no risks.

He asked the marker the time and immediately questioned its correctness. Inman upheld the official's chronometer and a real argument was turned on pronto. Reece called for a check and spectators were dragged into the wordy warfare. As might be imagined out of, say, 20 watches there would be a dozen or more different times—and each watch owner certain his timepiece was correct. That went on until Sydney Town Hall clock chimed the usual signature tune for the 45-minute period when Reece, 28 points in the lead, declared: "Anyway, gentlemen, why worry. The game is over. Mr. Referee, will you please announce the result." Inman's comment is absolutely unprintable.

BAZOOKA: Master of the Tank



A soldier kneels to fire the "Bazooka." The weapon can be handled by one man in an emergency, but two are needed to maintain the maximum rate of fire.



This ugly-looking finned rocket is the "Bazooka's" projectile. Carrying its own propellants, it is electrically fired, blasts its way out of the launching tube to the target.

The struggle of the foot-soldier against the man in armour has gone on without interruption since the appearance of chain-mail. Through the centuries, the evolution of new forms of protection for the armoured fighter has produced new weapons, and the weapons in their turn have produced new protective devices.

When the British introduced the tank, in the first World War, the Germans promptly developed the anti-tank gun, a heavy rifle firing an armour-piercing bullet, and the see-saw struggle between the man in the tank and the soldier on the ground still goes on.

Newest anti-tank weapon is the American rocket-launcher popularly called the "Bazooka." At the present writing, there is no German tank in operation that can stand against this weapon. Germany and Russia are using field guns operated on the rocket principle, and the Soviet Stormovik attack planes have long used rocket bombs, but the "Bazooka" is the only specialised, portable rocket arm to appear so far. Simple in construction, it is a metal tube 50 inches long and three inches in diameter, open at both ends and firing a projectile heavier than the hand grenade and nearly two feet long. It is fired from the shoulder and handled by a crew of two, one to fire and one to load. There is no recoil, and the projectile, although comparatively slow-moving, generates such dreadful force, such fierce heat, that it can penetrate any tank armour known.

Beyond All Story Books

With Grantland Rice

There are certain true stories that can wreck any fiction that any one can write.

Just a few years ago we recall a young hustling shoe-shiner and caddie at the Augusta National who could locate wild hooks and wilder slices into the forests and thick shrubbery guarding the golf course. On the side he fought occasional battles royal.

A short while later some one called us up for advice. It seemed that Bowman Milligan, directing the destinies of the shoe shiner, caddie and battle royalist, had been offered \$4,000 for the boy's ring services. His name at that time was Sidney Walker, later known as Beau Jack.

We had no advice to offer. Bowman Milligan decided to stick with Beau Jack, although at that time \$4,000 was a fair chunk for what Beau Jack had to offer as a money maker.

From Cents to Dollars.

Against Bummy Davis at the Garden in his twelfth Garden fight, the same Beau Jack passed the \$900,000 mark as a drawing card by a wide margin, with another \$100,000 due later when he met Juan Zurita, the Mexican new National Boxing Association lightweight champion. This will pass the \$1,000,000 mark.

When a 10-cents-a-shine coloured kid from Georgia, directed by a locker-room guardian, neither knowing anything of the fight game, can move into the million dollar drawing class on short notice, we wonder how Horatio Alger ever got away with his puny "Rags to Riches" yarns. Bowman Milligan and Beau Jack have made Horatio Alger look like a stark realist who had never heard of romance.

Certainly from out of nowhere, as far as the fight game is concerned, one of the most amazing stories of sport suddenly exploded in the public's and Mike Jacobs's face and we understand that Mike is bearing up extremely well as we loiter to press.

Gene Tunney said that in his opinion, Kearns and Dempsey made up the greatest ring combination of all time. At the moment we agreed. Now we are not so sure.

Kearns was a smart, able manager who knew all the angles, plus a few he invented. In Jack Dempsey he had the most dynamic heavyweight the ring has ever known. This combination played to something over \$6,000,000 until they picked divergent paths before Tunney came along.

But in many ways, when you figure their starting points, all the odds against them, Bowman Milligan and Beau Jack have reported a much more spectacular story.

Doc Kearns and Dempsey, once they were organised, were naturals. Milligan and Beau Jack were two dark babies in the darker pugilistic forests. And they came along at a time when sport was supposed to be facing extinction, on the down-grade side.

Kearns and Dempsey, too, had their troubles before the first world war ended. They had even more trouble than Milligan and Beau Jack have ever known along certain lines. But the material was always there, and they had an open road after Dempsey took Willard apart at Toledo.

The Poles Apart.

As a fight manager Bowman Milligan doesn't belong in the same country with Doc Kearns—and Bowman knows it. As a fighter Dempsey and Beau Jack are further apart than the outposts of a Siberian frontier. Dempsey was one of the great fighters of all time—possibly the greatest. Who knows? Doc Kearns was certainly one of the greatest managers and directors.

But when I look back and recall Bowman looking after one's sweater, and one's shoes—and bringing one a lemonade—more efficiently than any locker-room director I have ever known—and recall Beau Jack diving into bushes for a wild drive, or hoping you liked your shine, I sometimes think that maybe

the Milligan-Beau Jack combination had something on Kearns and Dempsey, starting from scratch.

For Kearns and Dempsey were even money at Toledo. Bowman and Beau Jack were a thousand to one when they left the red clay hills of Georgia and headed north. A million to one if you are thinking in terms of a million dollar gate for twelve Garden fights.

In this final summing up I must give Bowman Milligan, a quiet, honest, smart, able coloured man most of the credit. Beau Jack, with all his gameness and his physical qualities, was largely physical. Bowman Milligan, through his complete honesty and his intelligence, plus his ability to handle his main job and his diplomatic capacity, was the directing force.

But back of it all there was honesty of effort, which is something the crowd sensed—plus enough ability to give honesty a chance to work.



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The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Recently at Lord's, when an XI. representing the R.A.A.F. beat an English Service team, the Aussie bowler who captured 7 wickets for 42 runs was described rather gruesomely by the London "Daily Mail's" writer as "a potential Test menace." Neville Cardus apparently started this fashion of presenting a gentle game as a gory spectacle. He, however, is a master of words, with the artist's sense of light and shade. He can get away with the menace stuff. Not so his copyists, English or Australian.

* * *

As evidence of straining (and screaming) for effect, I quote this reference in a Sydney newspaper to an "international Rugby Union glamour five-eighth": "His whole football career is heavily studded with successes of super character."

If you don't see stars after reading that, you're hopeless.

* * *

Next I quote from an article contributed to a Sydney newspaper by a "famous American commentator" (writing of people at a social gathering): "Among them was one of our greatest industrialists, an eminent psychologist, a famous anthropologist, several prominent journalists, a popular actress, a Hollywood tycoon and many smart and wealthy people."

Almost you wish that "the famous commentator" had concluded with: "The gathering was distinguished by the presence of a non-entity."

* * *

The Press sheet accompanying the first Sinatra (crooner) film contains this bit of garbage: "Sinatra, a modest young man, with a voice vibrating magnetism, has risen like a glorified meteor to stampede the public into record-smashing adulation."

Lurid writing was once a monopoly of Americans and alien to our culture. Nowadays, our exemplars of "the new journalism" are out-yelling the Yanks. Somebody may tell us sometime what all the noise is about, what all the big words mean.

* * *

Joseph Dunninger has stirred the curiosity of men of science in

America because of his success as a mind reader. His fee is £450 a sitting—but whether President Roosevelt paid that much to be told (correctly) that he was thinking of a poker hand has not been officially disclosed. Talking of these things, I recall a verse that went to the round of the clubs some years ago:

*They said go have your fortune
told, it would be no disgrace;
The pretty lady read his mind—
and then she slapped his face!*

* * *

Those who turn from the sporting pages of the daily newspaper to that column sombrely labelled "Letters"—meaning letters to the editor—are usually informed, and occasionally entertained (as in the appended quotation from the "Sydney Morning Herald") by a masterpiece of satire. The letter was titled "Beethoven Protests," and was signed Ludwig Van Beethoven, Lidcombe." It read (in part):

On a recent evening I was called to the radio by my friend, Schindler. He explained to me in heated excitement that there was an A.B.C. concert in progress, and that the Fraulein announcer had threatened that we were "about to hear the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven—the Victory Symphony." Gott! Lieber Gott! Victory Symphony! I ask you what has my symphony to do with victory? Have I not suffered too much already at the hands of publishers and the like, with words like "Moonlight," "Pathétique," "Kaiser"—pardon, "Emperor," and "Pastoral"?

Yet, here, in the twentieth century, your national broadcasting institution perpetrates such an abomination as associating my music with your 20th century barbarians. Did I not make plain my attitude to that sort of thing in relation to an earlier symphony of mine? . . .

You have, in your Australian language, some words which describe admirably persons who do such things. I wish to hear no further association of my symphony with "victory." Surely, of all things, music may be left unscathed by your modern civilisation.

There is no truth in the foul suggestion that the real author might be a blushing young beginner, by name Neville Cardus.

* * *

From the "Diary of a Doctor Who Tells" (Sunday "Sun"): "I have heard it said that a woman cherishes the petals of the rose her lover of years ago gave her, but a man cheerfully cleans his pipe with the stem of the rose given him by the girl before the last."

The Doctor didn't prescribe anything for THAT.

ODE TO JUNE

This is the sunless season when
Creeping from out their dank, dark den,
Squirring like worms, a myriad germs
And stealthy streptococci
Step out on winds that make us wheeze,
And spread their sperm with every sneeze,
Infecting sorely ev'ry pal (and, incidentally, ev'ry gal),
Tall, short, lean, fat and stocky.
Oh, wayward wind out of the west,
Oh, gurgling gurgs deep in my chest,
I lay abed with fevered head,
Mid mixtures germicidal;
Meanwhile I sweat and swear and strain,
And each recurrent shooting pain
Brings feelings homicidal.

* * *

Talking about great sportsmen, here is one to add to your list: Wing-Commander J. R. D. Braham, who is a double D.S.O. and a triple D.F.C., at 25. Out of his total of 28 planes he had shot down 19 at night.

* * *

After long service in New Guinea, Graham and Frank Foster, of the A.I.F., and the twin sons of Mr. Bill Foster, returned home recently on leave. They are now back with the fighting forces.

* * *

This awful post-war austerity (strictly from the male viewpoint) quoting a New York cable to a Sydney newspaper:

"A thin and ethereal nightie is the first item members of the W.A.C.S. are going to put in their wardrobe after the war."

* * *

In early times Egypt was the great breeder of horses. The Old Testament proves it by many references. At Jacob's funeral, at Judea, there came forth from Egypt "chariots and horsemen a very great company." The Hebrews were pursued into the Red Sea by Egyptian horsemen — horse and rider were there overwhelmed. Solomon, several centuries afterwards, obtained all his horses from Egypt.

RUBBER SHOES FOR RACEHORSES

A method of shoeing horses by the use of flexible rubber or rubber-like synthetic compounds without metal reinforcement, has been perfected by a company whose works are in Middlesex (Eng.).

"The weight of the shoe is comparable with that of the aluminium plate," said Mr. Gordon A. A. King, the managing director of the company. "It was found in such experimental work as the authorities allowed that these non-metallic shoes had an astonishing capacity for limiting the effect of lameness, and horses suffering from acute laminitis in its early stages, ring-bone, and side-bone have been successfully shod and returned to work.

"The shoe, in our view, will be particularly useful, in the case of those horses which are usually taken out of a race if the going is found to be too hard for them.

"Another advantage is that horses can be shod in their own stables be-

MOUNTBATTEN MEMORY

Lord Louis Mountbatten, who has met the enemy head on in many violent naval encounters, made a strategical turn-away (as the Navy has it) when he matched his gunnery with that of his cousin, David, during the latter's visit to Australia as Prince of Wales. A writer in "Smith's Weekly" recalled the occasion—a banquet put on at the Windsor Hotel (Melbourne) for journalists covering the Royal tour.

The Prince was foresworn to a date—the Lord Mayor's Ball—but he rushed an invitation to "meet the boys." Good liquor flowed; good (and not so good), yarns were spun, camouflaged as speeches; W. M. Hughes (then Prime Minister) had inspired moments of speech.

Edward P. arrived early and remained late; so late that, when his

fore travelling to the racecourse, as a characteristic of the shoe is that it affords a secure grip on all kinds of surfaces."

presence at the ball was being despaired of, the solemn Sir Edward Grigg, who wrote stilted speeches for Royal deliverance, arrived "with the compliments of Admiral Halsey, sir."

Edward gave him all the assurances in the world—but stayed on. Another hour, and Mountbatten commenced to reason with "my deah David." No go. Diggers garbed as girls put on a ballet. Finally, in response from an S.O.S. from Mountbatten, Admiral Halsey arrived in person. He was the man whom King George V had charged with the safe return of the heir to the throne. Edward P. read the signs.

He rose reluctantly, nearing midnight, swallowed a last drink, walked to the door, swung round and bade the company sad farewell. When he arrived at the ball he took hold of the first girl within reach, jazzed the length of the floor and back—then backed out.

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THE KING'S HORSES

ELEVEN LIKELY TYPES

His Majesty the King has begun the flat racing season in England with a team of eleven horses, all except Point to Point, who is with Fred Darling at Beckhampton, under the control of Capt. Boyd-Rochfort at Freemason Lodge, Newmarket.

Eight years have passed since the appointment of Capt. Charles Moore as the King's acting manager in succession to the late Brig. H. A. Tomkinson, and in that period the Turf fortunes of the Royal stable have been of much interest.

Capt. Moore's knowledge of racing and his long experience as a breeder of bloodstock—he bred, among others, Santorb and Zionist—have stood him well in his responsible position.

A couple of years ago Sun Chariot and Big Game, leased from the National Stud, won in the Royal colours four out of the five classics. But not since King Edward VII. won with Minoru 35 years ago has a reigning monarch carried off the Blue Riband of the Turf.

Although the King has three classic nominations this year—Fair Glint, Putting Green and Alencon—it is impossible to be more than hopeful about any of the trio achieving a task which proved beyond the ability of Big Game.

Perhaps by the time the Derby comes round the dark Alencon may have thrived sufficiently to qualify for recognition. He is as yet a big and unfurnished novice, and still very backward.

But while allowing that he possesses plenty of scope for improvement, I prefer to see the son of Mieuxce out of Frivole in action before committing myself as to his prospects. On the maternal side his breeding suggests speed rather than stamina.

At the moment main interest centres in the future of Fair Glint and Putting Green, who already have demonstrated their quality.

I do not consider classic honours

are in store for Putting Green. So far he has created the impression of excelling over sprint journeys.

It can, however, be said of Putting Green that he is built on workman-like lines while his pedigree—Fairway out of Sanctorem—should satisfy the most exacting. Sanctorem is a Friar Marcus mare, foaled in France, out of Sansa, by Sansovino out of Aloysia, by Lemberg.

During the summer of his two-year-old days there was reason to hope that His Majesty had a potential champion in this compactly-made colt. After showing distinct promise in the race won by Effervescence he came out to beat the gambled-on Candrena and the much-thought-of Dancing Goddess over five furlongs.

Subsequently, however, Putting Green gave a disappointing display when last but one in a field of nine for the Middle Park Stakes, and in compiling his Free Handicap Mr. Fawcett placed the colt 21lb. and 19 lb. respectively below Orestes and Happy Landing.

This appears to be strictly in accordance with Middle Park running, and here again the inference is that Putting Green may have speed in excess of stamina.

Taken on his Dewhurst Stakes form there are decidedly interesting possibilities about Fair Glint. He strikes me as one of the thoroughly genuine types, and got the seven furlongs in such grand style as to suggest he will not be found deficient in staying powers.

Nevertheless, I incline to the opinion that he is a shade below top standard, and even though it must be conceded that the King's nominee finished with a spectacular run to almost deprive Effervescence of the verdict, it must also be remembered that the winner was giving 7lb.

Invariably, the standard of competitor for the Middle Park Stakes grades higher than the contestants for the Dewhurst Stakes, and, according

to the Free Handicap assessments last season, appears to be no exception to the rule.

Fact that Fair Glint's stable-companion, Merry Mark, proved a more attractive market proposition suggests he was the more highly esteemed at home. After showing up prominently for five furlongs his subsequent collapse was astonishing.

As an individual, and judged by his lineage (Precipitation—Merry Vixen), there ought to be no lack of stoutness and endurance in Mr Woodward's colt. Although averse to making excuses, I am content to believe that Merry Mark will benefit appreciably by additional experience and demonstrate his last running to be all wrong.

The King's two-year-olds located at Freemason Lodge, which muster half a dozen, three of each sex, are all Sandringham bred by outstanding sires. According to the men of observation, they are youngsters of fine size and character, and with ordinary fortune look like contributing materially towards their keep.

Mating of Sanctorem with the Brickfields Stud stallion Foxhunter produced a likeable and shapely filly in Gone to Ground.

Esperance is a half-sister to Alencon, by Umidwar, who is also responsible for the colt Maiden Over, a striking bay out of Fair Glint's dam, Maiden Fair.

Remaining filly, Clean Fun, is the outcome of the alliance of Fairway with Idle Jest, a mare by the Goodwood Cup winner Flamboyant out of Idle Lady, who traces back to Sundridge.

Rising Light, a particularly promising bay colt by Hyperion, is out of Bread Card, by Manna—Book Debt; while on the paternal side Kingstone, also a colt, claims the Eclipse winner, King Salmon. Beautifully turned Kingstone is out of Feola, the dam of Knight's Daughter.

The Fights We've Missed

By Grantland Rice

"If you want the answer to the perfect fight," writes an Old Timer, "I can give it to you. No, I don't mean Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis. But what a cyclone that would have been, with each at his peak. I mean Harry Greb and Stanley Ketchel, two of the fightingest men the ring ever knew.

"They weighed about the same, and they were both dynamite. Ketchel was the harder puncher, Greb the faster and in many ways the rougher. The main point is that both were great ring fighting men on the give and take, anything goes. Stan Ketchel was terrific—but so was Greb. Maybe even more terrific.

"What would have happened? I'll have to stick to Harry Greb. Don't forget that when Harry had two good eyes he almost wrecked such heavyweights as Gene Tunney, Tommy Gibbons and Jack Dillon. And don't forget that Jack Dempsey, in his prime, after two train-

ing camp experiences with Greb, wanted no part of him. I asked Greb once how hard Dempsey could punch. 'I don't know,' Greb said, 'He couldn't hit me in ten years.'

"Ketchel was more on the Dempsey side, a killer when he had his chance for the big shot as he had against Jack O'Brien, after Jack had outpointed Stanley for the first nine rounds—going away. But Greb and Ketchel is still my favourite dream fight—that will never happen."

What would have been the great fights of ring history:—

1. Suppose we open with Old Timer and give you Greb and Ketchel.

2. The first or the second choice would be Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis. For here we have two of the ring's greatest punchers with more nitroglycerine than any two other colliding forces could ever show.

3. Gene Tunney, the cold, skilled operator vs. Joe Louis.

4. Jim Jeffries vs. Jack Dempsey or Joe Louis, all at their prime.

5. James J. Corbett, in his prime, against Dempsey or Louis or Tunney—the finest of all boxers facing harder hitters.

6. Bill Brady's favourite choice—Jim Corbett against Billy Conn in a whirlwind match of speed and boxing skill.

The trouble is that in the main, former champions, on their way down and out, meet younger champions coming up. Two great heavyweights rarely ever meet when both are at their peak.

Jim Jeffries was a fat, partially bald old timer when he met Jack Johnson. Dempsey had been champion for seven years when he lost to Tunney. Jim Corbett had known only one or two minor fights between 1892 and 1897 when he moved against Bob Fitzsimmons.

It might surprise you to know how many experienced ringmen, from the old days, still living and

looking on, believe Jim Jeffries could have beaten either Louis or Dempsey, when Jeffries was in his prime. Jeffries was the best athlete of the lot. Here was 215 pounds of California bear meat who could run the 100 in 10 1-5, jump six feet and shake off an axe.

And you can't overlook Sam Langford against any one—any time they turned Old Sam loose and let him shoot the works.

The greatest lightweight fight, both at the peak, would have been Joe Gans against Benny Leonard. At least this is the verdict of those who go back over 40 years.

Being two brilliant boxers, this might have been a flop on the spectacular side. But they could have settled many an argument.

Mike Jacobs would name Beau Jack. Mike is a business man. He would like to know how many lightweights ever drew in over a million dollars at the gate in a dozen fights, all indoors.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SUPPORTS

73

AUSTRALIAN

PRISONERS OF WAR

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TURF H.Q. IN ENGLAND

PROPOSED CHANGE

Those closest up to racing in England are not waiting for the end of the war to institute changes and improvements.

Recently there has been much ado concerning the transfer of the world-wide known Victoria Club.

Writing in "Sporting Life," of London, "Augur" says that among the post-war racing reforms touched upon of late none has aroused more comment than the contemplated transfer of the Victoria Club—the Stock Exchange of the Turf—to more commodious premises in more appropriate surroundings.

While recognising that the club directors should know their own business best, I was definitely of the opinion at the time the proposal was

discussed and turned down that they had "missed the boat."

Apparently others have formed the same impression. There is talk and suggestion of a rival establishment, and the names proposed are the Gimcrack and the National Turf Club.

Although ready to concede that at first glance, financial commitments to complete the deal for new quarters appear enormous, it strikes me that those deputed to act were overawed by their responsibilities. This may have affected their vision and enterprise.

One in a position to know, and who is not the type to make irresponsible statements, suggests that he could raise the capital required in five minutes. I am inclined to agree.

A score of individuals come to mind who would not hesitate to stand guarantors for £7,500 each, or, alternatively, I feel sure the issue of 200 units of £500 Preference Shares, supported by 50,000 Ordinary Shares of £1, would be over-subscribed.

Privileged to inspect the proposed new quarters, I came away with the notion that the place was absolutely ideal for an up-to-date Victoria Club, and, what is more to the point, virtually "ready made."

Situated in one of London's most fashionable thoroughfares, the outside appearance is everything to be desired. Immediately inside a high roofed square hall, attractively decorated, and splendidly but softly illuminated.

Spacious dining room facing entrance, imposing wide white marble stairs to the first floor and lounge, extra rooms for business and recreation, including dancing, and down below modern kitchens, stores, etc., with ample accommodation for the staff.

In addition "up aloft," 23 large airy bedrooms, which, if not required for this purpose, could be converted into offices which, at a

modest estimate, would bring in a rental somewhere in the region of £6,000 annually.

Members can contrast these facilities with the present establishment.

Apparently one member (not on the committee) sensed the possibilities of a changeover to the new premises. I learn that he volunteered to complete purchase, finance and run the whole show, presumably on up-to-date hotel lines, and allow the Victoria Club facilities, rent free, thus supporting the contention there is something in a name.

And there the matter stands. The Victoria Club ought to be exclusive, as befits its world-wide reputation, and also represents to the Turf what the banks are to high finance, the Stock Exchange to commerce, and the Baltic Exchange to shipping.

One of the most important considerations should be to encourage membership from all sections of the racing community—owners, breeders, trainers, jockeys, etc.—While, to strengthen overseas links, enthusiasts from U.S.A., the Dominions and the Colonies might be enrolled.

As president, one or other of the Jockey Club Stewards or National Hunt Committee, or some prominent owner, could be approached.

Other considerations are an increased membership fee, annual election of members, and an active and ambitious committee keen to collaborate with Tattersall's Committee and the N.B.P.A. over the innumerable problems inseparable from ring and office business.

It may astonish the man in the street to learn that a number of the big course and starting price book-makers, commissioners and professional backers never darken the doorway of the present building. Obviously this is not a satisfactory state of affairs.

Curiously, Irish racegoers are lamenting the fact that there is not a Victoria Club or recognised headquarters for betting in Dublin.

Do You Know?

- **THAT** we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.
- **THAT** any man can, and every man should learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.
- **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath.

PHAR LAP'S DAM

WORLD-WIDE INTEREST

Phar Lap's fame has spread abroad to such purpose that the progeny of his dam Entreaty have been scattered from U.S.A. to England, and to Colombo, with the majority retained in New Zealand.

When the stud career of Entreaty is examined there is evidence of no little success apart from Phar Lap.

The old mare's last foal is a bay filly by Nightmarch, who being mothered by the Iliad mare Calypso, who was given her soon after Entreaty died.

Recently Entreaty received a further advertisement by the win of the American-bred colt Four Freedoms, who won the Palm Beach Handicap, thereby joining the ranks of American stake winners.

This four-year-old colt is the fifth foal of Nea Lap, an own sister to Phar Lap, who was sold to go to the United States some years ago, and is now, in Mr. John Hay Whitney's Mare's Nest Stud. Four Freedoms beat a field of good horses over seven furlongs on a very heavy track at Hialeah Park, and in winning this race he scored his sixth victory and won his first stake event. He was previously placed as a two-year-old in the important Tremont Stakes and, bred as he is, he should carry on now that he has shown stake-winning form.

Four Freedoms is by Peace Chance, a son of the American stallion Fair Play, who has both English and French blood in his make-up.

Entreaty had her first foal in 1925 when she produced a chestnut filly called Fortune's Wheel. A daughter of this mare, who only had two foals, was sold at the dispersal sale of the Kaituna Stud, and bought by Mr. J. L. Webb, of Auckland, who raced her successfully. Named Caliente, she won a number of useful races, and a very useful Foxbridge gelding from her is now racing. Hot Pursuit, as he is called, has won three races on end and is probably a good horse in the making.

Her Famous Son.

Entreaty's next foal was the famous Phar Lap, who certainly helped to put New Zealand on the map, and was possibly the best horse ever bred in the Dominion. Nea Lap followed and this mare, sold cheaply to Mr. J. J. Gatenby as a yearling, won four races in New Zealand and a handicap at Rosehill. Only for nervousness when racing on the inside of other horses, due to a fall sustained early in her career, she would have been a very much better racing proposition. She was sold at a big figure to go to the States and has now justified her purchase.

After Nea Lap came the brown colt Nightguard, sold as a yearling to Mr. Alf Louisson, owner of Nightmarch, but he proved a disappointment and went in the wind early in his career, although after Mr. Louisson passed him on through the auction ring to the late Mr. J. J. Corry he won several races on the West Coast.

Entreaty's next contribution was All Clear, sold as a yearling to go to Colombo, and whatever chance he had of living up to his great brother's reputation vanished into thin air when he was taken to the tropics as an immature horse.

Another failure on the Turf, though a good galloper, was Friday Night, but was infirm early and had only a short racing career.

Maori Lightning.

After producing the three colts mentioned Entreaty's next contribution was a fine-looking bay filly who, registered as Te Uira (Maori for lightning—Phar Lap is the Cingalese for the same word)—was sent to England as a brood mare and went straight to the stud without racing.

Entreaty missed the following year, 1933, and in 1934 foaled the brown filly Raphis, who was retired to the stud without having been raced. Raphis' first foal, John o' London,

won the C.J.C. Champagne Stakes in 1943, and is now again in work at Riccarton, New Zealand.

Entreaty was not served in 1934, and in 1936 bred the chestnut colt Ilam Way to Iliad, but a hock injury prevented this colt from racing. The following year the brown filly Enticing came to light. This filly only had two or three starts and showed plenty of pace, but was retired to the stud early, and has yet to have a foal.

Entreaty missed to Myosotis in 1938, and in 1940 had a colt by Nightmarch who, sold at the Yearling Sales, was bought by Dr. McGregor Grant, and is now in work at Auckland (N.Z.).

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The San Diego Club, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

NAMES DO COUNT

LABELS FOR YEARLINGS

Naming of yearlings, always a highly interesting racing sideline, promises to hold wider opportunities than ever during the coming season.

Ajax, Merry Mathew, Agincourt, and Titan are new sires whose stock should be known by names which will brighten the race books.

Add to these sires not entirely new in Gold Sovereign, Le Grand Duc, Midstream, Felcrag and Mani-toba, and there should be some well worth-while efforts.

Not only the sires but the names of the dams of the young race-horses should provide their inspirations.

The rule still holds good that only the best names are good enough for good horses.

Of the 30 leading stake-winners of Australia, from Phar Lap to Tranquil Star, not one has an ill-sounding or inappropriate name.

Some neat if not outstanding

naming efforts have been noted during the last two seasons with that great filly Flight truest to label. Certainly she soared to great heights, and flew to real purpose.

Ajax opens up possibilities of a return to the classics. Inevitably will come some tongue-twisters for the multitude.

Titan also is in similar class with Titanic obvious.

Merry Mathew goes back to the England of Robin Hood, the good old days which were the prelude to so many new orders. A free suggestion for the Merry Mathew—Joan of Arc Colt is Friar Tuck.

Agincourt, mainly historical, offers many choices from the fields of France, with the reintroduction of so many familiar names likely in the news of the immediate future.

That selection of names had ample interest apart from the owners of the colts and fillies, was shown recently in a letter received

from a lass of the outback. She sent in 45 suggestions for some of the highest-priced youngster, some good but unfortunately names carried by performers of comparatively recent years.

She maintained her country outlook and real Australian atmosphere in the suggestion of Billabong for the Midstream-Sweet Annabel colt.

Combination of syllables of the names of sire and dam, or combining the names, usually is a hopeless way out of a problem. Those who are tempted are reminded that not one good horse has carried an ersatz name.

As time marches on selection becomes increasingly difficult, and the registrar of racehorses insists rightly on a high standard.

The scope and liberty of allegedly conservative England is not permitted.

In some respects it seemed a pity that the successful sire in Queensland became The Buzzard after his arrival in Australia from England.

His original name contained so many possibilities, and emphasis—and how!

—H.G.W.

RACING FIXTURES—1944

JUNE.

Rosehill Saturday, 3rd
Sydney Turf Club (Randwick), Saturday, 10th
A.J.C. (Winter Meeting) Saturday, 17th
A.J.C. (Winter Meeting) Saturday, 24th

JULY.

Canterbury Saturday, 1st
Rosehill Saturday, 8th
Moorefield Saturday, 15th
A.J.C. Saturday, 22nd
Victoria Park Saturday, 29th

AUGUST.

Ascot Saturday, 5th
Moorefield Saturday, 12th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 19th
Sydney Turf Club (Randwick), Saturday, 26th

SEPTEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 2nd
Canterbury Saturday, 9th
Tattersall's **Saturday, 16th**
Rosehill Saturday, 23rd
Hawkesbury Saturday, 30th

OCTOBER.

A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 7th
A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 14th
A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 21st
City Tattersall's Saturday, 28th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill Saturday, 4th
Victoria Park Saturday, 11th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 18th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 25th

DECEMBER.

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
Canterbury Saturday, 9th
Ascot Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting) Saturday, 23rd
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting) Tuesday, 26th
Tattersall's **Saturday, 30th**

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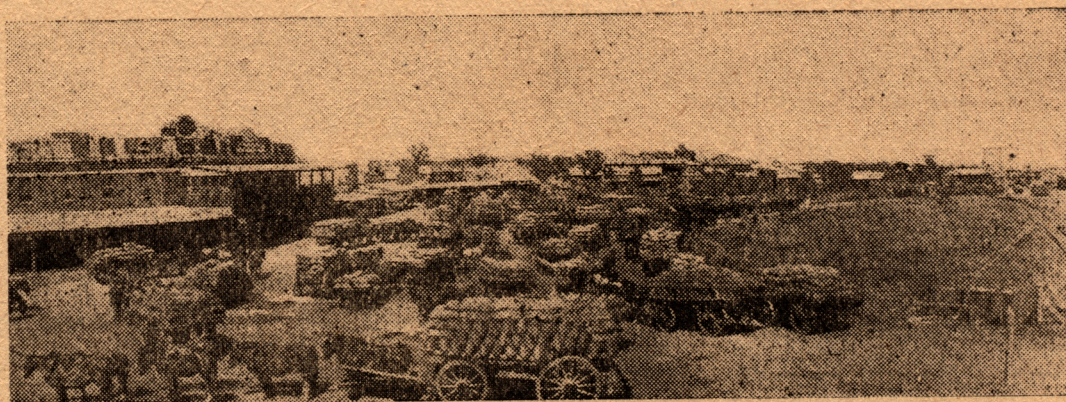
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BARELLAN—A Wheat Centre of the Riverina

JOHN OXLEY is said to have been the first explorer to traverse the Barellan district; his report was unflattering to the extent of an expression of opinion that the area "would never again be visited by civilised man."

It is thought that about the year 1850 some of the country round Barellan was occupied in spring and winter by landholders who brought their stock from more settled parts to graze, but the first settler in Barellan was John Benness, who built his homestead of slab and shingles and who first stocked Barellan with cattle.

At that time aborigines roamed the district armed with spears and Barellan was their favourite locality for obtaining "nardoo"—a kind of flour ground from the seed of a plant which grew in profusion along the creek banks. The name Barellan, or Barralong, has a native derivation for it is said to mean "the meeting of the waters"—in this instance referring to the meeting of the Collinroobie and Brobenah waters at Mirrool Creek.

Mr. Benness's huge holding of 110,000 acres subsequently passed to John Gordon and John Waugh, who traded under the name of "Gordon and Waugh," to be succeeded by the partners, Sir Thomas Baillie and Robert Hamilton—changing owners again it was subsequently sub-divided in 1910.

In the early 60's came "Four-eyed" Patterson—so called from the fact that he wore glasses—who settled on Binya; he was followed by John Hunter Patterson and afterwards by the small selectors who picked choice areas of land, mainly from 320 to 640 acres. The squatters were not over-pleased with this land-invasion as it was they who had won through from fire and drought and other seemingly insurmountable difficulties to cleared land and good grass.

In the years 1885-1887 a fresh batch of selectors arrived, men with a genuine desire to develop their holdings and having an added incentive in the fact that the railway had by this time reached Narrandera—a distance of only 40 miles away.

The first settler to grow wheat commercially was John O'Shaughnessy, who selected on Mumbledool during this period. It was at this particular time that trouble arose in the form of kangaroos and dingoes, wild horses and cattle which proved such a menace that trapping yards had to be built to capture them. It was then a common and stirring sight to see the two best horsemen of the district—Jack Dale and Harry Dempsey—in magnificent riding feats, rounding up the wild horses; these fearless men portrayed an aspect of country life which has now vanished for the last wild horse was yarded two years before the close of the century.

When F. R. Clayton, a young Englishman, took over "Barellan" in 1891, he was faced with the hopeless task of keeping down the rabbits on his huge holding. Fallen timber, scrub land, sandy hillocks—everywhere seemed a suitable breeding ground, but Mr. Clayton was a man of skill and energy and after great effort and expense, he gained the ascendancy.

Further legislation in 1895 gave a fresh impetus to settlement but these settlers were faced with the task of combatting the scourge of anthrax which was prevalent among sheep in the Barellan area. The Manager of "Yalgogrin" Station, Jack Gunn, appalled by the great losses suffered, set to work, and through his efforts in cultivating a virus for the inoculation of sheep, he saved the district from disaster. Full credit should go to John Gunn for his noble and worthy work.

The first Shire Council was incorporated in 1908 and the railway reached Barellan in the same year; the town may be said to have been established in the following year when the first business premises were built by James Coulter, although two years previous to this, Robert Hankinson had erected a building in the railway yard which he used as an outpost of his Narrandera business.

The first hotel appeared in 1912, opened by W. Walton.

The town made steady progress, influenced by the advent of increasing population through closer settlement, 100 families living on the area that was once John Benness's Barellan station.

In 1924 came the town's first publication—Gow and Gow's Quarterly—to be followed some months later by "The Barellan Leader."

Associated with the progress of the district goes the name of George Gow. This gentleman, when leaving Barellan after many years' residence, was accorded a public banquet at which a speaker, in referring to the great work done by Mr. Gow, paid him this truly great tribute . . . "I would like to recall to you the epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren 'If one would see his monument, look around.' If one would see the monument to Mr. Gow, much travelling would have to be done, for he reduced 150,000 acres of station properties to closely settled wheat areas, made the largest wheat district in the State of N.S.W., established a great industry in fat lamb raising, and was indeed the spear point of a great agricultural development."

To-day, Barellan is a wheat centre of the Riverina and the town which boasted one resident in the late 50's is now well populated and prosperous with wheat silos that contain a capacity of 350,000 bushels—among the largest in the State. Incidentally, it is interesting to note the colourful street names which have been bestowed on Barellan—the main street is "Yapunyah"—aboriginal for "a tall, straight tree" and other native tree names have been attractively used . . . Mulga, Mallee, Wilga, Quondong, Kooba, Kurrajong, etc.

The Urban Area Committee has been responsible for many improvements in the town and it is pleasing to note that in the district, fodder conservation is being largely carried out.

In this evergrowing area which is Barellan more than 2 million bushels of wheat are produced annually whilst there are many thousands of acres under oats and a lesser quantity of established lucerne. The butter production is worthy of note, and the countryside supports a vast number of sheep, cattle and horses. Fat lamb raising is assuming greater importance, and as a further assistance to progress, the Agricultural Bureau and Junior Farmer Movement are active in the district.

And so from the lonely spot where once only the note of the curlew broke the silence has evolved Barellan, the wheat centre, an integral factor in Australia's plan of food production.

The history and growth of Barellan is interesting to look back upon, but the future is even more interesting—for the future holds great promise.



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